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made no sign. Traces of terrible ancient rages lie along her ravaged sides, but her passions are all passed—peace and purity crown her, and he who had seen Fujiyama's fair head lifted out of the blue sea and flushed with the dream of the coming day, layeth his hand upon his mouth and is silent—but the memory of it passeth not away while he lives.

And it came to pass that on the morning of the eighth day of December we rose up and perceived that we had come into Fanland—to the Island of Porcelain—to Shikishima—the country of chrysanthemums. The place across whose sky the storks always fly by day and the ravens by night—where cheery-branches, with pink and white blossoms, grow out of nothing at all to decorate the foreground, and where ladies wear their eyes looped up in the corners, and gowns in which it is so impossible that any two-legged female should walk, that they pass their lives smiling and motionless upon screens and jars.

Sailing so long due West we had at last reached the East. The real East, not east of anywhere, but the East, the birth-place of man, and his religions, of poetry and porcelain, of tradition and architecture. And I who had come to it from the land of common-sense, of steam-ploughs, and newspaper enterprise, bowed my head reverently in the portals of the great temple of the world, and fell upon my knees—awed by its mysterious age and vastness. My heart within me was stirred—and I was led to recklessness in the use of capital letters.

There lies here, by the gate of the East, a land, as we discovered, stranger and more wonderful even than we had dreamed. Captain Kempton had steered us in sixteen days from the coast of America to where a mountain of pink pearl rose out of the sea; and when the grey clouds about the base resolved themselves into land, we found they were the green hills of fairyland! It is revealed to those who live long enough to go up and down the earth, and two and fro upon the face of it, that man has never conceived an ideal that is not somewhere a reality.

There are women living as beautiful as any of the marble Venuses; there are even men as pure and high-minded as Galahad—there are Edens in existence—perchance somewhere, there is something resembling Paradise; and certainly the enchanting fairy dreams of our childhood—ravished from us by the cruel misrepresentation of our elders—have an actual existence, yet more fantastic and delicious than our baby minds could ever have imagined, in these islands lying hard by the coast of China. Let no one scoffingly set this down as a figure of speech. All who have ever set foot on these shores bear the same testimony to the elfin witchery of Nippon—the land of the rising sun. There may be something suggestive in this name of that eternal tie between youth and dawn, because certainly here the people are still children, and possess all a child's sweetness, simplicity, and imaginativeness. I spent, alas! less than two day in these fairy islands; but all ballad literature declared with great positiveness that having spent even the briefest moment in the Land of Fans engenders an unquenchable yearning that must some day, some hour, bring one back again—and with this I comfort my heart.

We double a headland, pass a slim white pharos, and we make our way up the long bay to Yokohama. The town has been in existence only since 1859, when Japan opened a few ports to foreign trade, but already it is a place of size and importance; for what the Japanese did, they did thoroughly. They jettied the harbor, built ample wharves and go-downs, and bid their own people confine themselves to the inner town across the canal, and not encroach upon the Europeans.

The queerest craft come to meet us in the bay—light-winged junks with gray and russet sails, so carelessly and crazily built that were the sea to give them a playful slap she would crush them in an instant to kindling-wood. Their feebleness insures her gentleness, it would seem, for they spread their great butterfly wings and skim along without fear, going far afield for the fishing. Many large ships lie at anchor in the harbor—American men-of-war, English, French and German merchant vessels, and a few neat Japanese coasters. I am told that the Japanese were childishly impatient of the foreign tutelage necessary to acquire knowledge of steam navigation, and in haste to try the experiment of running a boat themselves. Starting out with a native crew for the first time all went well until it was necessary to stop, and this they suddenly discovered they had forgotten how to do. Great was the panic, and she was driving fast on shore, when one bethought him to put the rudder hard down, and then they steamed round and round in a circle for hours until steam was exhausted and the boat stopped of her own volition. After which they went to school again for a bit and learned steam navigation in all its branches.

A cloud of sampans descend upon us as we anchor—craft as crazy as the junks—made of three unpainted boards, lightly fastened together, with a sharp prow and wide, high stern, across which the standing boatman lays a long oar, and waggles it carelessly in the water, attaining thereby an astonishing speed. Like a certain famous epitaph it is simple but sufficient.

These boatmen are the vanguard of elves from Elfland—small lithe creatures, with good-looking yellow countenances, bearing no resemblance to the flat-faced Chinese, and with thick shining black locks, through which is twisted a blue fillet. Their dress is of dark blue cotton; sometimes the gown-shape called a kimono, and worn by both sexes; but for the most part a costume much like the one worn in England in the time of Henry II.—cloth hose to the waist, a short jerkin, a loose sleeveless coat that reaches to the hips. These blue coats have on the back a great white circle surrounding decorative Japanese characters which set fourth the owner's occupation, so that he who runs may read. The intention is business-like but these portable advertisements only add a new charm to their delightful queeriness. There are boys of ten or twelve in some of the boats with the men—quaint little brats with varying patterns shaved on the tops of their heads; and they enter into the contest to secure part of the carrying trade with the stern and enthusiastic vigor known only to the small boy of all countries.

## NOVELTIES IN ARTISTIC FURNITURE.



On the opposite page we present our readers with a few novelties in artistic furniture, chiefly of English design.

The screen desk in the upper left hand corner of the page of illustrations is a most ingenious and useful piece of furniture for a ladies boudoir, the sitting room or bedroom, or for chambers at college. It is constructed so as to combine a perfect cheval screen on castors, either to screen the heat from the fire, or to keep away any draft from door or window.

Sketch A. gives the front view, showing the top panel, below which are two shelves for books, finished off with a silk fringe.

Sketch B. shows the back. The panel shown is of cretonne or silk, pleated horizontally, and below this is a folding rack, when open as shown, can be used for music, weekly papers, or a silk pocket for ladies work. The main portion of the sketch shows the screen folded into a desk. The front panel is secured by a lock and key.

The central sketch shows an artistic central divan for a large drawing room, parlor or reception room.

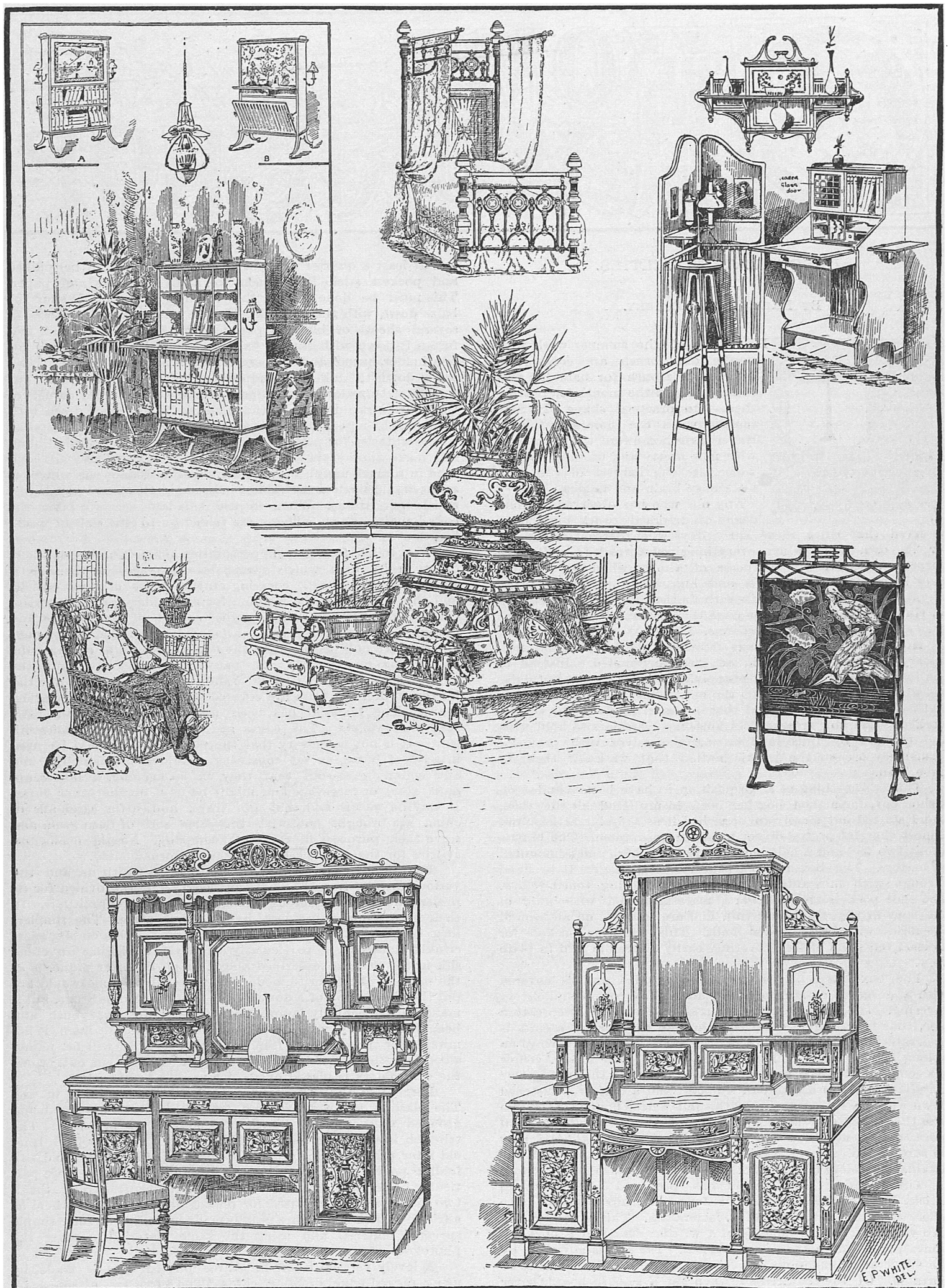
In another illustration is shown the figure of a man asleep in the new forty winks rattan chair, which is luxuriously upholstered. The dog feels the beneficence of such a creation and is asleep also.

The two side boards with carved panels are in every way artistic and beautiful pieces of furniture, and are fine examples of modern skill in artistic cabinet work.

The remaining illustrations on the page tell their own story in the way of artistic novelties.

THE more extensive your acquaintance is with the works of those who have excelled, the more extensive will be your powers of invention, and, what may appear still more like a paradox, the more original will be your conception.

IN the study of Nature, without which the architect as well as every other artist can do nothing—absolutely nothing—he must also study the commentaries on her, *i. e.* all previous productions of his art. All these are so many annotations on Nature's great and most difficult book; and he who attempts to read her without their assistance, simply sets up his wisdom against that of all mankind; and, however, satisfactory his discoveries may be to himself, he may be assured that they are as old as Adam; and that should he have at once the greatest genius and the longest life ever granted, he will have advanced no further than the first efforts of the art, which, pursued on this principle, would (unlike all other human pursuits) be never beyond its beginning. It is impossible for the designer to produce anything *true* by the study of Nature, and it is impossible to produce anything *new* but by a knowledge of what has been done by his predecessors. The most original artists of any kind are the most expensive imitators.



NOVELTIES IN ARTISTIC FURNITURE.